Lord Ronald Cower's Remintscences

The most delightful book of goasip abou social, political, and literary celebrities since the Greville memoirs, is the collection of per sonal experiences and impressions, published in two espacious volumes, under the title of My Reminiscences, by Lord BONALD GOWER (Kegan Paul, Treuch & Co.). In one respect, indeed, this is a far more attractive work than the memoirs with which we have compared it, for, while the author's opportunities have been superior to those of the brothers Greville, he has not a trace of their waspish temper, but writes in a catholic and genial spirit. Few men of the age of thirty-eight-Lord Ronald Gower was born in 1845 are so happily free from antipathies or prejudices, or could touch on so many persons and topics with such offusive frankness, yet avoid inflicting any wound on the most sensitive reader, or betraying any wish to pay off old scores. The author takes us into his confidence with a complete and artless trust, to which we have no parallel since Boswell's communicativeness; yet while we cannot help entertaining a little ungrateful contempt for the very traits in Johnson's parasite, which render him such an inimitable biographer, we put down this book with a feel-

ing of sincere respect and liking for the writer. We scarcely need remind the reader that the son of the late Duke of Sutherland was in an emphatic sense born in the purple, and has dorived from the accident of birth precious op portunities of meeting on a footing of intimacy the men and women who have exercised great power, or who have reflected honor on the Europe of our generation. But while others may have been in this respect no less fortunate, not one, certainly, of those who have given their impressions to the world, has seemed equally qualified in mind and heart to profit by such exceptional good fortune. There is an engaging absence in this book of priggishness, of affects tion and of every species of pretence. The author seems to be talking rather than writing, and to be talking in an utterly unguarded, un premeditated way. It would be but poor prais of his book to say that it is more pleasing than most novels, for, by the side of his bright and figent chat the labored conversations recorded by many novelists are stilted, cumbrous, empty, and doll.

We should find it well worth while to follow Lord Ronald Gower through the recollections of his childhood and youth, through the years passed at Eton, and through his undergraduate career at Trinity, Cambridge. This part of the book is far more interesting. and instructive, too, in its way than most of the fictitious narratives which purport to portray the lives of well-born young Englishmen at public school and university. But for our present purpose, we can best exemplify the real value and pleasant tenor of these reminiscences by culling here and there some passages which bring us into close contact with the most important and celebrated persons of our time, with such men of letters as Carlyle and Tennyson in England, as Victor Hugo, Thiers, and Taine in France, and with such British statesmen as Beaconsfield and Gladstone. To the author's recollections of Lord Beaconsfield in particular we shall give a good deal of space, for they tend to place an sulgmatic and singularly dramatic character in some new and winning lights. It appears that in the autumn of 1877 Carlyle

honored the author's statue of Marie Antoinette (which had lately been placed in the

Grosvenor Gallery) by a visit, which is thus described: "Mrs. Greville drove the 'sage of Chelsea' to Grosvenor House to-day in a royal carriage, her sister, Lady Probyn, having the use of one of these royal conveyances. 'I don't think,' Mrs. Greville wrote afterward, 'Carlyle had the least idea he was reclining in a royal carriage. I am afraid he believed it to be my natural property.' Carlyle was in good spirits and talked much, but somewhat indistinctly. He appeared interested in the statue, and made allusion to the Queen's shoe, which she repaired herself when in prison, and spoke generally of her heroic conduct during her infinite misfortunes. \* \* \* We drove back together to Carlyle's house at Chelsea. where he showed us his portraits of Frederick the Great; also those of Martin Luther's parents. Of these he is very proud. Carlyle was full of cordiality and good humor; his natural and inborn courtesy is marked, insisting, for instance, on escorting Mrs. Greville back to her carriage and seeing her drive from his house, standing with his good gray head uncovered in the street. It is impossible not to feel an attachment for him. nbined with the veneration that all must feel for that vast intellect. 'Until,' wrote Mrs. Greville to me, still harping on this visituntil you hear Carlyle groping and prancing among the men and women of the first Revolution, you cannot imagine what manner of tutions in our bloated landed estates." nan he is." One day Lord Ronald Gower was to have the good fortune to hear him groping and prancing among the actors of that world-shaking drama. 'Calling on him 8, 1878.) with Mrs. Graville, he "found the grand old man seated near the fire in the stone-colored dressing gown which Boehm has immortalized in his superb seated statue of the sage. Carlyle was in force and in good spirits; his talk full of grist and humor gave him my reduced statuette in silvered bronze of Mario Antoinette. He seemed pleased with it, patted and caressed it, and placed it in the centre of his chimney piece. He spoke with intense bitterness of Lord Beaconsfield, and called him 'that melancholy harlequin.' Of the Pope (Pius IX., just dead) he said: 'At length he is out of this troublesome world;' and of Popery he said: 'It is the greatest humbug in the universe." On the 13th of the same month the author, quoting from his diary, reports another visit to Chelsea: "An interesting day, for I have been with two of the greatest minds in the country-Carlyle and Tennyson, Mrs. Greville again drove me down to Cheyne row, where we found Carlyle, as usual, seated in front of the fire. He read us two chapters in his 'History of the French Revolution '-those on the death of Mirabeau and on the Queen's trial and execution. Nothing could be simpler than the surroundings, but withal nothing more impressive than to see and hear the 'old man eloquent read aloud those stirring chapters in that postic prose, as he sat in his long-robed dressing gown, his hands folded before him." From Carlyle they drove to Tennyson, who

was temporarily sojourning in Eaton Square. Mrs. Tennyson has a face like the Santa Mc nics of Scheffer. Temyson said he found it impossible to write away from his home. . . A few evenings later and I passed a very agreeable one with the laureste in his study while he smoked. He read the 'Ballad of the Fleet, yet unpublished, and 'Boadicea,' glorious works, with the din and clang of battle ringing through every line. Tennyson thinks Gray (the 'Elegy' for instance) less read now than formerly. He thinks that Shakespeare was careful about correcting his plays. 'Hamlet' he certainly corrected with attention. He thinks Victor Hugo less great in tragedy than Molière, and on my asking him what Molière had written of tragic, he said, "Georges Dandin;" that is infinitely so.""

The day after that evening with Tennyson in Eaton square Lord Bonald Gower was in Paris. where, as it happened, he made the acquaintance of Victor Hugo, thanks to a letter of introduction from a Mr. Bowles. "Hugo was living at 21 Rue de Clichy, close by the Church of the Assumption. He was courtesy itself, and invited me to call on him in the evening. I found him in a little room, all covered, ever the ceiling, with crimson silk. There I passed very pleasant half hour alone with Hugo only interrupted by the occasional visits of his grandchildren, one of them a pretty little girl of 6 or 7, who would run up to him and neetle on his lap. He spoke much of my uncle, Lord samere, or, as he called him, Lord Francis Gower. Some forty years ago a correspond-snce relating to 'Hornani' had passed between them apropos of that tragedy which my uncle formed by amateurs at Bridgewater House. I tried to get him to talk of the Revolution-the

no very distant time France, Italy, and Spain will proclaim themselves 'Les Etats-Unis de 'Ouest.' He thinks our constitutional monarchy the best, next to a republic, of any form of government. In France he wishes for par inmentary government without a President. No hing can exceed Hugo's civility. It is quite of the old school, and he insists on seeing one to his door in spite of all one's protestations. One cannot doubt of his patriotism, at the same time regretting the length it is carrying him." In February, 1879, the author of these remi-

was then living at 130 Avenue d'Eylau. "It seems odd that a wealthy old gentleman of

seventy-seven should not settle here in some house of his own; for this place he only hires.

He was out when I called, but I met him as was leaving the house. He asked me to come again in the evening. He was in great spirits about Grevy's nomination to the Presidentship and said that he would be certain to remain a the head of the republic for seven years. Lord Ronald called again on the poet a few days afterward, this time in the evening. "We were shown into a small unlighted sitting room, on the ground floor of the little house in the Avenue d'Eylau. Voices proceeded from the adjoining room where the author of 'Les Misérables' was finishing his dessert. Soon from the dining room half a dozen men and two or ladies filed in; last of all Victor Hugo, followed by a maid, who lighted a score or so of candles set in rather tawdry glit aconces, others in a gaudity colored Venetian glass chandeller. The room is a small one hung with mirrors, with heavy carved-gill Florentine frames; on the floor is a Persian carpet, and the chimney piece is covered by a gorgeously gilt-embroidered scarlet velvet hanging, near which the Maitre sat. The others formed rather a solemn circle around him. My companion, whose French is excel-lent, and whose aptomb is perfect, began and sustained, greatly to my relief, the conversa tion, which, as they say here, principally rolled upon the Eastern question and on the future of Europe. According to Hugo Europe in the wentieth century will form one great republic like the United States, of which, of course France will be the centre and the governing power, and Paris, of course, the capital. No more wars then will be possible, and men will wonder as they look at the obsolete instruments of destruction in the museums what these infernal machines were meant for and marvel how it was possible that armies could have met each other for the purpose of mutual slaughter at the bidding of those exploded institutions, monarchies. The race of Hugo or the Almighty intend that any more great soldiers should exist. The late war was a proof of this. That was indeed but a war of machines and engineering. France is all the better for that war-a war which has enriched her and ruined the Germans. L'argent que nous leur arons donné, said Hugo, has only impover ished them and made us rich. The English. he thinks, will be the last of the European nations to conform to the Republican Confederation, but sooner or later they wil have to do so und so weiter, und so weiter, as say the Germans. Now and then Hugo spoke with animation and with eloquence, but his talk is always about moi and les idées glorieuses de la Récolution; and this, after an hour or so. begins rather to pall. Je suis l'humble serviteur de la France, ho sa d, parce qu'elle voit clair et marche dans les trais chemins de l'esprit et de la cicilization; saus cela je ne la servirai pas. Turkoy he pronounces to be at an end as a nation-Le Sultan crée les Pachas et les Pachas rolent le peuple. Bowles tried to put in a word for the Turks, but on entering with some detail on his ideas regarding that people, Victor Hugo

gradually fell into a peaceful slumber." Lord Ronald seems never to have met Renan or Littré, but in April, 1875, he made the acquaintance of Taine. Under that date we read in his diary: "Had a long talk with Taine, the author; a German-professor-looking man, ex-tremely short sighted. Aprepes of the causes of the first French Revolution, a subject on which he is now writing, he spoke very fully. \* \* Taine was most instructive in what he believes were the chief causes of the great French cataclysm. First, he attributes it to the terribly severe and unjust taxation that quite crushed the poorest classes; secondly, to the hatred engendered among the people to not having to pay the heaviest of these taxes. the dime and the correc; and, thirdly, to the fatal effects of centralization of the court and Government being established at Versailles, instead of in the capital. Taine thinks that the upper classes of that day in France were not, as Carlyle writes, corrupt, but that they were content to talk and would not act. He sees danger to England and our present insti-

Lord Ronald saw Taine five years afterward. being present at the latter's admission to the "Taine has aged in looks since I saw him last, his hair turning gray. The re ception took place on Jan. 15, 1880. It is five or six years since I was last in the Institute fo similar ceremony, when Jules Simon took his seat among the immortals. \* \* \* To me there is nothing more interesting in this town or country than what I have witnessed for the second time to-day. The building itself, although unworthy of its fame, much modernized within and decorated in deplorable taste. is full of recollections of the great men of French literature. Fénélon's, Bossuet's, Descartes's, and Sully's statues are in that chamber highly appropriate, as are also the remnants of antique ceremonial; the giltchained huissiers, with steel swords: the Academicians, some in coats embroidered with green bay leaves; the mounted guard at the rates, and the military salute as the forty entered the building. The most striking heads there to-day were those of the Duc d'Aumale, Alex-ander Dumas, and Renan. Victor Hugo was not in his place. The hall was densely packed, not room for an extra rat. Taine's address was excellent, he spoke well and pointedly, but he had a difficult task in order to know what to say regarding that rather insignificant author with a great name. M. de Loménie, his predecessor. The most eloquent passage of the address, I thought, was about Mme. Recaier, and what he said of her might have been applied to my mother: "Quand on l'arait cue me fois, on roudrait la recoir toujours."

It was in November, 1873, that Lord Ronald Gower met M. Thiers. "An old triend of his and mine had given mea letter of introduction to the ex-President of the French republic, and armed with this I called at his house in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, a few doors eyond the English Embassy. That evening received an invitation to call on him. Accordingly at 9 I made my bow. His apartment was situated in the inner courtyard of the hotel; a flight of steps led into an antercom where was a servant in attendance, who ushered the guests into the drawing room, or rather rooms, as you pass through an antercom before reaching the larger one where the ex-President received his company. At first, on finding If in the centre of a large room occu pled by a dozen people, seated somewhat formally against the walls, my habitual shyness inclined me immediately to retire to free-dom and the cool moonlight air. But it was too late for retreat, for Thiers, who had been sitting on a sofa by the side of a lady dre-sed in pink, had espied me, and, quickly crossing the room, at once entered into conversation, and my shy fit vanished. I began by thanking him for the kind celerity he had shown in so promptly responding to Lady Alice's letter, and for the honor he had done me in leaving his card at my hotel. 'Oh, Lord Gower, n'est ce pas? he said. He then led me up to a stout, middle-aged lady dressed in black, to whom I was presented. This was Mme. Thiers. Her sister, Mile. Dosne, dressed also in deep mourning, sat near her, by a roaring fire. Thiers here returned to the pink lady, leaving me with his somewhat formidable-looking apouse. \* \* More visitors now were announced, the American Minister among others, Mr. Washburne, and 'his lady,'a pert

into the future of Europe. He thinks that at | Mme. Thiers in English or rather in Americo-English, and also to M. Thiers, ta spite of Mme, T. telling her that he did not understand that language; but this only made her speak the more and the louder. Apparently glad to escape from the unknown tongue, Thiers beckoned me to a place out of the region of that terrible wood fire and the Washburnes, and sitting down on a sofa with our backs to a large mirror, he began talking as if he had been suddenly wound up by an invisible key. He speaks in a clear, metallic, ponetrating voice. He said how many of my relations be had knownniscences again saw Victor Hugo. The poet Granville (perhaps on account of the family name being the same) he seemed to think much nearer related to me than anybody else. Of my dear mother he spoke with greatest admira tion. Elle était, he said, la plus grande dame du monds. I could have hugged the little man, speciacles and all, when he said that, When I asked him if he saw her likeness to Marie Antoinette, he said, Mais, elle étail bien plus belle que Marie Antomette, and there again he was right. The conversation once set going on that topic-Marie Antoinette-I pumped him regarding any letters of hers that might still exist, yet unpublished. Thiers said that he thought there were some in Paris, and perhaps, he said, there might be still some at Vienna. He thinks Feuillet de Corche's published letters of hers are in the main genuine He then talked politics. Said he had wished and striven throughout his life to introduce into France the English form of parliamentary government, and to establish a constitutional monarchy like ours, Mais, he said, angrily, c'élait impossible; tous nos rois que fai con onleis fous. He thinks it is all up with the old French noblesse; in fact, that they are almost extinct; when Talleyrand was in power he had known some, but now they had all gone. One of the members of the Assembly came up to Thiers, whom he sagerly ques tioned whether he had heard M. Grevy's speech on MacMahon's term of Presidentship-the bes speech this he said during the whole of the debate. On my taking leave he expressed a wish that whenever I was in Paris I should call on him. In appearance he is just what I had expected, but he is not quite so little a man as I had imagined. His complexion is a clear olive, not unhealthy looking, nor does the skin look dried up at all. The little eyes gleaming belvind the spectacles are singularly bright, and nothing can be neater than the way his white hair is brushed up to a point rather to the right side of his head. His voice is the oldest thing about him, a sharp treble like an old woman's, and one can well understand how difficult it must be to hear him in a large space." We hear a great deal in these reminiscences

the proofs of his good will he appointed him a

Ronald made, we are told, a statuette of the great Conservative chieftain, and appears to have entertained a sincere admiration for him visiting him now and then at Hughenden and earning much from him which was well worth preserving. The first visit was paid in 1872. when the Tory leader was still Mr. Disraeli although his wife had been made, at his desire. Viscountess. "Lady Beaconsfield had often. when I met her in London, promised to ask me to Hughenden, and did so last winter, when was prevented going. In November of this year I got a very kind letter from Mr. Disraeli again asking me to pay them a visit there for three or four days. William Harcourt ( Historicus') told me that he was also invited; accordingly we agreed to go down o Hughenden together. We found a brougham waiting for us at High Wycombe Station, and after a drive of about a mile, passing through the town of Wycombe, we reached the lodge of Hughenden. Here are a pretty pair of French wrought-iron gates, of which Lady Beaconsfield is not a little proud. The road, after pass ing this lodge, up to the house for about half mile, is very steep, the house being placed on the top of quite a respectably sized hill. Passing through a small Gothic entrance hall and corridor, in which is a bust of Mr. Disraeli when apparently about 20, we were shown into the library, where our host welcomed us. He was dressed in a double-breasted tailless jacket that made him look quite boyish. He seemed anxious to hear any news or gossip from town of which we had little or none, the last scanda of a certain runaway couple not being new to the hatred engendered among the people to him. 'To think,' he said, 'to think the aristocrats, by, for instance, their servants of her running away with an elderly roue, who was one of the mos-notorious dandies even when I was a boy. ly roué, Lady Di Beauclerk's intended marriage also interested him; and Harcourt having mentioned Edmond Fitzmaurice's intention of publishing papers relating to his great-grandfather, the first Marquis of Lansdowne Disraeli said: 'Lord Shelburne was a man who never spoke out, which does not answer in a public man.' At 7 he accompanied us to our top of the house, bright and cheerful as all coms seemed to be at Hughenden. coming down to the library before dinner I found Mr. Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield, the poor old lady sadly altered in looks since Lonon-death written on her face-but, as usual, gorgeously dressed. The only other guests in he house besides W. H. and myself were Lord and Lady John Manners. Lord John I had a House of Commons acquaintance with. He has that curious Manners walk which all the family have-a trick of lifting up his legs at the knee as if there were a crease in the carpet or some other impediment in the way of prog ress. At dinner I sat next to Lady Beacons-field. Mr. Disraeli was evidently very anxious about her, and although occasionally flashing out in conversation with all his curious plaof arms and shrugging of the shoulders, he was evidently much depressed at her state His attention to her was quite touching, and Mary Ann,' as he sometimes called her, was constantly appealed to. We did not sit long ver our wine after the ladies had left. Mr. Die aeli was proud of his wine, which is above the average. The conversation turned upon m Uncle Morpeth (Lord Carlisie), from some reference having been made respecting the fund now being raised for the late member for Cork's (Maguire's) widow. Mr. Disraeli made use of some rather strong expressions about Mr. Maguire, and said that he (Mr. Disraeli)

by a dancing Lord Lieutenant and a dancing Under Secretary. Mr. Disraeli went on to say now fond he was of my uncle, and how greatly se had appreciated his character and geniality "The drawing room is a terribly gaudy apartment, very lofty, and the walls all green paper, dotted with fleurs-de-lys and adorned with large panelled brown carved wood o composition frames, which are the only relied to this green wilderness of wall. On asking my host why he had not paintings within these frames, especially in the one above the fire-place, 'I had intended,' he answered, 'her picture (Lady Beaconsfield's) to be placed there but she has never sat for her portrait except to Rose for a miniature; but some day I shall have that copied life size and placed in that frame.' \* \* In the library, which is by far the best room in the building, he told us that the books with which its walls are lined are only the third of his father's library, as on his father's death be had sold the bulk of his collection, only retaining this portion now at Hughenden. With great satisfaction he showed us some Aldine classics that he treasures in a cabinet inlaid with plaques of Saxon porce lain. Mr. Disraeli told us that he had given revolvers to all his servants at Hughenden, as there had been frequent robberies in the neighborhood. However, However, as Lady Beaconsfield has left her dia-monds in London, the thieves, he said, would find little to carry away besides a gold presen-tation inkstand and some very highly emblasoned addresses presented by Conservative delegates from Manchester. \* \* \* \* Owing to an early service in church next (Sunday) morning, we breakfasted at half past nine. Asking Mr. Disraeli last night at what hour this meal took place, he said that when great one-but he avoided this and plunged. little Americanesa, who rattled away to he and his wife were alone they had no break-

had stood up for 'Morpeth' when he had been

number for Cork stated that Ireland was ruled

attacked in the House by Maguire; when the

fast. I believe he has a very light refection about nine, and a discover à la fourchette at twelve. It was a levely, bright morning, and I atrolled out before breakfast to have a look at the place from the garden front. I met Lord John in the garden, and we were soon joined by Harcourt and Mr. Disraell. The latter wore a brigand-shaped hat. We strolled on to a very pretty green terrace walk which Mr. Disraell has christened 'My Lady's.' . Lady Beaconsileid did not appear at breakfast, which was a meal of a most substantial description, bot and cold meats abounding. Shortly before half past ten we started on foot for church. Mr. Disraeli appeared in his well-known long brown Spencer overcoat. As we passed through the churchyard, Mr. Disraeli looked quite the lord of the manor, returning the bows and the good morrows of his parishioners, as they trooped toward the church door, and patting the children on the the head. We reached the church before the elergyman, and this gave Mr. Disraeli time to point out to his guests some fine old fu-nereal monuments of recumbent knights—the De Montforts, he said they were, with evident pleasure at the sound of that great name. Near these monuments and close by the cast window is the vault which Mr. Disraeli has built for his wife and for him self. The Hughenden pews are by the east window and face the entrance door of the church, and are in full sight of the long chancel, which was well filled with parishioners The elergyman, whose name I have forgotten, but who had been appointed by Mr. Disraeli, has a powerful voice and High Church tendenwhich are rather against his patron's taste, who told me, when we left the church, that although he had begged him not to intone, still he would insist on doing so with even greater energy than before, and especially upon colebrating a harvest home, when, Mr. Disraeli said, his rector would assemble half a dozen clergymen of fellow feelings, and then the intonation became something quite extraordinary, almost overwhelming. The manner in which Mr. Disraell related this was intensely droll; he half acted the manner of all these High Church clergy, and the triumph of his own parson at getting to-gether so many intoners. • • • Lady Beaconsfield joined us at luncheon, after which we started for a walk through what Mr. Disraeli calls the German Forest. We were all on foot, except My Lady, who led the way in a pony We had a most picturesque through the endless groves of beeches and fir trees. The latter Lady Beaconsfield called her pinetun. This pinetum our host told us reminded him much of parts of Bohemia he had visited. On regaining our path and crossing more fields we reached a farm in which Mr. about Lord Beaconsfield, who seems to have shown the author much kindness. Among Disraeli takes great pride. 'I feel the satisfac tion,' he said, 'of an English landlord coming out very strong on a Sunday afternoon, in showtrustee of the National Portrait Gallery. Lord ing his guests his territorial possessions, his pigs and poultry, his farm improvements and

machines, his stock and his steading." The dinner that evening was more lively than it had been on the previous night. The host's recollections of Cobbett formed part of his conversation. "On one occasion," he told his guests, "Cobbett insisted upon taking Sir Robert Peel's seat on the Treasury bench. Sir Robert did all he could to show the intruder that he objected to this proceeding; but all was in vain. Do what he would. Cobbett would not budge an inch. At last Sir Robert requested Cobbett to move, politely but firmly. 'I'll be d—d if I do!' was all the answer that he got; and Peel." continued Disraell, "had perforce to take a lower seat elsewhere." Lady Beaconsfield, it seems, talked cen-

lessly about her pets-her horses and her peaocks. Of the latter the gardens were full. In the evening Mr. Disraeli spoke very despondingly to Lord Ronald Gower about his wife's state of health. "She suffers," he groaned, "so dreadfully at times. We have been married thirty-three years, and she has never given me a dull moment." Lord Ronald records that "it was quite touching to see his distress. His face, generally so emotionless, was filled with a look of suffering and wee that nothing but the sorrow of her he so truly loves could cause on that impassive countenance. . We visitors all left soon after twelve. It was a miserably wet day, and this seemed to

add to the melancholy feeling we had that we should probably never again see poor old Lady Beaconsfield, who, with many oddities as to dress and manners, is certainly a most devoted wife and companion."

It should be remembered that at the date of this visit to Hughenden, Lord Ronald Gower, although an unusually bright and well-in-formed man for his years, was but twenty-seven, and, therefore, unconsciously reflected to a great extent the opinions regarding Mr. Disraeli. which were yet dominant in the caste to which the young man belonged. The Conservative magnates had not yet learned to take Lord in the tone of Lord Ronald's observations an echo of the reluctant, semi-quizzieal admira-tion with which Tory patricians still looked upon the incomparable parvenu whose leadership they were constrained to accept. Very different was the attitude of "the Dukes" and their following toward Mr. Disraeli after his magnificent victory of 1874, and there was something pathetic in the blind confidence with which they still clung to him after the disastrous overthrow of the Conser-We shall remark the altered vatives in 1880. sentiments of the landowning aristocracy in the changed tone of Lord Ronald's account of another and even more interesting visit which he made to Hughenden in September, 1880. There is little alteration." he writes in his diary, "within the house, and its owner does not look much older than when I paid my first visit here with William Harcourt. \* Over the fireplace of the dining room is a very fanciful portrait of Lady Beaconsfield after a niniature of about the year 1830, and hanging on the opposite wall a half-length copy of Angeli's portrait of the Queen, presented to Lord Beaconsfield by her Majesty, and a standing proof of the utter want of vanity of our beloved sovereign, for this Angeli representation of her Majesty is almost a caricature of the best of Queens. On the stair case are a set of portraits of personal and political friends of Lord Beacons-field, Sir Stafford Northcote by A. Stuart Wort--remarkable performances for amateurs. \* By the landing hange a fine, but idealized pro-

ey, and Lord Barrington by Augustus Lumley file of Byron-painted by Westall-a superbly handsome face-it is a portrait of which Lord Beaconsfield is proud. 'I got it,' he said, 'from the Harness family.' But what the Harness family had to do with Byron I felt 1 ought to know, but did not, and did not like to display my ignorance by asking. Lord Bea-consfield, although, as I have said, little aged in appearance, is not strong, and is feeble on his legs; but he would take me a walk of nearly a couple of hours, beginning with the garden, and then going on

consfield, in his most solemn tones, 'never in society ask who wrote Junius's Letters, or on any account inquire on which side of the Banqueting House Charles L was beheaded: for if you do you will be voted a bore, and that is-well, something dreadful.' He said he had seen the story is print, and, unlike most of the stories in print about him, this was perfectly

Taiking of religion, Lord Beaconsfield made to Lord Ronald Gower almost the same answer as is given in one of his novels. "I would, indeed." he said. "be very ungrateful to Christianity, did I not honor it, seeing that It has caused half the civilized world to worship a man, and the other half a woman, both of my race." He told his visitor of his wish to see Warwickshire and Shakespeare's haunts; "but I have." he said, " never been able to do anything in my life that I have wished—at least," he added, "not during the last thirty years." He spoke of his travels in early youth, in Spain and in the East, but he had preserved, it seems, no notes or journal about "I have never kept a diary in my life," said Lord Beaconsfield. His guest goes on to record that "we dined at 8 sumptuously. My host ate little, only some venison, and a little of a cabinet pudding (which I thought an inappropriate dish). After dinner be insisted on my smoking a cigaretto in the library, where he always sits, and he also smoked one, a thing which he said he had not done for more than a month. He showed me his treasures-presentation books from the Queen and photographs; papers sent him from Rawdon Brown at Venice; but what he seems to take most pleasure in were some of his father's books, especially a MS, on Solomon's writings and some work in an old Italian binding. He much admired Rivière's bindings and also Bodford's, but does not seem to know how much superior are the old French bindings of the last two conturies to any of ours. He keeps locked a set of Aldine editions of Latin and Italian authors in a black wooden cabinet, covered outside with modern Dresden china plaques, with which cabinet and its contents he is highly pleased. The Queen, he said, had much admired it when she was here. During the evening he was much troubled with a cough, which sounded somewhat asthmatic; at 11 he left to go to bed, which he does, as a rule, punctually at that hour. He does not appear to expect to live long, and gives himself but two more years, but to the Queen twenty. I begged him to write a cala-logue raisonnée of his tressures, and he seemed to think that he would like to make one; he has certainly the love of possession very strongly developed. He alludes constantly to 'my dear wife,' and speaks of her as if she had been his good angel. I found, on going below next day, a luxurious breakfast laid out for me in the dining room. Lord Beaconsfield breaks his fast first at 7%, and has a second refection about 11; mine was introduced between these two repasts, but he came to see that I had all one could possibly require. Later, he took me all over the rooms those occupied by the Prince of Wales at the beginning of this year are sunny and cheerful, the sitting room full of prints after portraits by Winterhalter of the royal family, given him by the Queen. In the bedroom hang two protty water-color drawings by that delightful artist, Miss Blackburn ('T. B.'), given him when he was installed Lord Rector of Glasgow University. In another of the bedrooms are arranged all the family portraits-more than one of his father; a portrait in chalks of his mother; two of his grandfather ('the real D'Israeli,' as he called him), his hair powdered and in a red coat; and a pencil drawing of an infant resting in an angel's lap-My guardian angel' Lord Beaconsfield called this, and said it was by Cosway, but I think more likely by Mrs. Cosway, or some other artist's wife, to judge by the feebleness of the touch-and hanging over the chimneypiece was his own portrait, in the heyday of youth by Grant, which has been engraved more than

Returning from a ramble about the place to the lawn near the house. Lord Ronald met his host, drawn out by the brightness of the day, among his peacocks in the sunny garden front. "He took me over the stables that he had latebuilt, and in which he said he would like to live; 'they are so like cloisters,' he said. We strelled on into the kitchen garden, full of oldfashioned flowers which he loves, but he prolesses great ignorance regarding botany. Returning to the house, we sat in the library among his books, where he always seems to be most at home. Of Lord — he said: 'He is the most envious of mortals. Whenever I have published a book. he at once writes to all the editors of magazines to run it down and cut it up as much as possible; envy." he continued, 'that most detestable vice, he has to a de-gree;' and added with great warmth, 'I gree;' and added with great warmth, have a thousand faults, but not that one.' After luncheon we went out for rather a long walk. He de-lights in walking along his little river, and to what he calls the lake and the island, miniatures both; he was as pleased as a child at seeing a swan sitting on the latter, and this take has been expressly photographed for the Queen, among other views of Hughendon. Lord Beaconsfield talked in anything but a conservative sense as to the intolerable injustice of trying to keep the people out of one's parks, especially when so near London as Hughenden is. He showed a very great and good feeling about wishing to give as much possible enjoyment to the hard-worked and overworked classes as is compatible with private rights, and seems to have a great contempt for the narrow selfish views of many of the Tory and Whig landed proprietors who make their class odious to the people by keeping them as much as possible out of their great demesses and vast parks. I for one, he said, cannot and will not do anything so abourd. \*\* As we returned by the high road toward home we met many people. It was a market day at Wycombe. Most of these people bowed to Lord Beaconsfield as we walked past, and when they did so he always spoke to them, asking them questions about the crops and the market and the state of their affairs. One laboring man came up to him and mumbled something, which we at last made out to be the poor fellow's thanks for a Christmas gift of some flannels that he had received hast year. I thought, said his lordship as the man left us, he was going to stab me. He had, it seems, received some threatening letters a day or two before: no wonder if he felt (not that I believe he was really alserned, for dear old Dizzy is the personification of pluck) rather sneomioritable for the moment. During luncheon he gave me a curious account of the time of the finan rising in Ireland. Only three men, he said, 'succeeded in stopping it; those three men were Mayo. Hardy, and I. Of the history of how that movement was stopped, partly, it seems by paying well some informers in Ireland, no one would ever. Lord Beaconsfield said, know the truth; for Mayo is dead. Lord Cranbrook never writes about anything, and I have not kept a single note, or even as memorandum of that imost strange and curious time. Cluseret, he said (altorward the Communist General), we had watched in his London lockings, and as h Lord Beaconsfield talked in anything but a conservative sense as to the intolerable injus-

with the garden, and then going on to the walks in the beach woods, and along the pleasant green terraced walks hald out by Lady Beaconsfield, to whom he attributes all the beauties of the place. It was getting dusk, and my host seemed already very tired, and would sit at every bench he came to; at one he told me how perfect a natural theatre was in front of us, but there was only a steep decline edged by a circle of trees. This shows how much enjoyment one may derive from the pleasures of the imagination and from a picturesque fancy. Lord Beaconsfield was, as I have ever found him, extremely pleasant, full of quaint humor, and never seemingly bored at being questioned on any subject that one ventures to put to him; however, once I felt that he had administered to me a well-deserved rebuke. We had been looking at some prints, one of which represented Whitehall, and I asked him if he had any doubt as to the side of the Banqueting House on which the side of the Banqueting House had also do the Banqueting House of the following effect: Some time ago a Tory 'Squire had brought his two sons to their future conduct in political and social existence. Bagerly the fond parent waited to a learn what his leader would deliver on so important a subject. Never, said Lord Bea
The showed, said Lor

on this occasion, Lord Beaconsfield "said he had written to resign his leadership of the Conservative party to Lord Salisbury, asking him to succeed him; but he fears that Lord Salisbury's health will not allow of this. All becomes chaos, he said, packet up and down the room, and waving his arms; 'all becomes chaos when I am away.' He said that during all last session, even when at Hughenden, he was never free from worry from his former colleagues—every train brought said that when at rom worry aln brought during all last session, even when at Hughenden, he was never free from worry from his former colleagues—every train brought some ex-Cabinet. Minister: Lord Cairns, or Mr. W. H., or is it H. W. Smith? I never know which it is, or Mr. Secretary Cross, whom always forgetto cail Sir Richard. I think Lord lienconsfield is utterly and entirely sick and worried to death by political life, and would gladly give up the burden of being leader of his marty; but, as he says rucully, they will not let me give it up. His mixture of humor, drollery, and pathos, when talking of these things, was quite indescribable. "I loft Hugenden at noon, on Sept. 11. As we stood in the porch, amid marble vases and busts, ferns and flowers, the post arrived, and with it the Times, which contained Mr. Gladstone's letter thanking the public for their sympathy during his fliness. Did you ever hear anything like that? It reminds one of the Pope blessing all the world from the balcony of St. Poter's, said ms host, and then we parted."

The last time Lord Ronald Gower saw Lord Beaconsfield, who came out of the library to meet me, attired in a long furred coat that reached nearly to his feet. He had been sunning himself among his peaceks in the vernada on the south front. "He looked older and is much weaker than when I saw him here last in moth weaker than when I saw him here last in mich weaker than when I saw him here last in mich weaker than when I saw him here last in mich weaker than when I saw him here last in

nearly to his test. He had been sunting himself among his peaceks in the vernada on the south front.

"" He looked older and is much weaker than when I saw him here last in September. When I sliuded to the report that Lord Rowton had taken the proof sheets of his new novel. Endymion, to the Queen at Bandwing himself of the third himself he only laughed and turned the conversation. We sat after Inneheon before he had been to be said the second of the first and of his senied. The second he had been to be spoke of his early friendship with the three Sheridan sisters, all beautiful woman; the present Duchess of Somerset, once Queen of Beauty; of Lady Dufferin and of Mrs. Norton. He described how delightful were the dinners in old times at Mrs. Norton's, over a public house near Storey's Gate, more than forty sens ago, and of the with and humor that then flowed more copiously by far than the clarat. Lady Dufferin was his chile admiration, more beautiful than her beautiful sisters. Dreams! Dreams! Dreams! Dreams are the had accepted. Thave not amoked dearest, since you last were here. The next time I was at Hugbanden was to follow his coting to the grave. But I can still fancy I see him among his believed books, gazing at the fire and was to follow his coting to the grave. But I can still fancy I see him among his believed books, gazing at the fire and marmaring. In an absent were the marmaring in an absent with him. The seed of the seed of the seed of the seed on his toxt by saving that for self-made men life is full of troubles and anxieties, for fear of losing the position or wealth they have obtained; and for those born with position and wealth there is nothing to strive for, and life then becomes a mere bore, an ennul and aburden. My idea, he added, of a bappy future state is one of those long midaummer days when one dines at 9 colock."

Before taking leave of these delightful volumes, we must find room to quote part of what the author has to tell us about Lord Beaconsfield's great rival. Mr. Ghadstone, he may b

Mr. Edimund J. Myer has published in a compact little volume, "Traths of Importance to Vocalists." It may be consulted with advantage by singers and those who are

learning to sing.

Mr. B. H. Mott has collected into a volume entitled
"Pike County Folk" the stories and experiences of the
"Old Sattler," whose narratives have so often figured in the columns of this journal. They are readable, of course, or Tux Sun would never have published them.

A beautiful holiday book is Messrs. Osgood's illustrated edition of Tennyson's "Princess." The nictures, engraved on wood, are charming, and the letterpress perfec

Mr. W. B. Dick is the editor of a minimal in which forty odd different solitaire games of cards are expounded. It ought to be a great favorite with all ionesome people.

A very taking book of travels is Mr. William Henry
Habboy's "Old Mexico and Her Lost Provinces." It treats
especially of southern California and Arizona. The olume is exceedingly lively and readable, and the Hine trations are capital. A new edition of Mr. John Esten Cooke's popular

wel of "Bonnybel Vane" is just published by the Measrs. Harper.

A new edition of Mr. H. C. Bunner's "Woman of Honor" is published by Messrs. Osgood & Co. Mr. Bun-ner is the editor of Pack, and we congratulate from on the good fortune of his romance.

The Messrs. Scribner have published, in two thick octave

rolumes, a new edition of Dr. Weils Williams's die Kingdom, with numerous illustrations and a new map of the empire. The whole work has been carefully and thoroughly revised. The information it contains is and thoroughly revised. The information it contains is brought down in avery department to the present day. It is the most complete, accurais, and authentic work on China, its people, and its institutions that is accessible to readers of the English language.

An interesting view of Philadelphia is afforded by a volume entitled "A Sylvan City," just issued by "Our Continent Publishing Company." It is historical and descriptive, written in a genial and pleasant style, and

conveying information about the peculiarities of the town, without being overloaded with exceeding statistical details. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

The "American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play."

The "American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play."
by Helen Campbell, seems to anit the requirements of
that part of the public for which it is designed.
Mr. Howard Conking has published in a duodecimo
volume of some 300 pages, entitled "Mexico and the
Mexicana," an account of his observations and studies
during a journey in Mexico made last winter. Mr.
Conking writes in a very fresh, clear, and picturesque
style, conveying in an agreeable manner the information he has gathered. This information relates mainly
to subject of practical interest in the average condition o subjects of practical interest in the present condition of Masico. He entered the country at Vera Crus, reached the capital by the Mexican Railway, visited the famous volcaness of Jeruilo and Popocatepett, and came home through the northern States of the republic, whose important cities he saw and describes. He whose important cities he saw and describes. He discusses incidentally the agriculture, commerce, mining, and rairroads of Mexico, devoting also a chapter to the ancient history of the country, and another to its ancient religion symbolized in the worship of serpents. It is a very creditable book of travels, and shows that Mr. Conkling possesses a perspiracious eye, a sound judgment, and much descriptive and liferary talent. The Rev. Charles Pelletresu of Paterson has written in

The Rev Charles Pelletress of Paterson has written in verse his "Reminiscences of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. in State Camp, June, 1883." He was acting chaptain of the regiment. The tons of his composition is humorous, reproducing the fun and spirit of the week of camping. It is a handsome little volume.

The "Doctrine of Sacred Scripture," by George T. Ladd, D. D. Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Yale College (Scribner's Sons), is a work in two partly octavo volumes, in which its subject is thoroughly and learnedly discussed. The author starts with the postulate of the infallible authority of June Christ upon matters included in the doctrine of salvation, and with that of the divine origin and character of the hooks included in the Bibls canon. His work will be found especially valuable for the use of clergymen and prachers.

A "Comprehensive Dictionary of Biography," by Edward A. Thomas (M. T. Scripture).

valuable for the use of clergymen and preachers.

A "Comprehensive Dictionary of Biography," by Edward A Thomas (Porter & Contes, Philadelphia), contains brief notices of some four the said distinguished personages, living and dead. It was to used with advantage as a handbook.

An elegant book is "Pen Pictures of Modern Authors," edited by Mr. William Shepard (Putnaui's Sons). It is a model of beautiful printing, and is illustrated with the portraits of several distinguished modern literary men, that of Mr. Carlyle fluuring as the frontispiece.

portraits of several distinguished modern literary man, that of Mr. Carlyle figuring as the frontispiece. Prof. Burt G. Wilder of Cornell University is the au-thor of "Health Notes for Students," a pocket manual of useful directions. The student, it says, should never sleep less than eight hours, and he should not study directly after meals

THE BUSSIAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY. subjects of the Caar Still Hoping that It will

be Convoked-Its History St. Perensauro, Sept. 20. Queer people these Russians are. If once they get an idea that pleases them, they will stoutly saick to it in spite of the most overwhelming facts and evidence on the other side. About three years ago they somehow settled it in their minds that a Zemsky Sobor, or National Assembly, would soon be convoked, and they still hold to that opinion, although since then a Czar has been murdered, and the new Czar has repeatadly declared that he will uphold the principles of autocracy, while his Ministers have gagged overy journal which has dared to favor the idea of a representative government. But no hardships of the losser and greater sieges through which they have passed, could cool the ardor of the Ivans for a Zemsky Sobor. On the contrary, they have seen everywhere abundant proofs justifying their brightest hopes. When Gen. Melikar the late Dictator, announced to the editors of the journals of this city that "it is inoppor tune to talk about a Constitution," the hopeful Ivans enthusiastically cried: "Ah! we see. We are on the eve of a Russian Constitution" During his last visit here the late Ivan Tourguenieff said at a dinner. "The time is at hand when Russians of all opinions will join in a common work in the interests of their beloved fatherland." And the cheerful Russians shouted, "Oh, we knowthat we are about to elect our representatives!" Gen. Ignation late Minister of the Interior, in order to get popularity, ordered that a number of the mem bers of different provincial administrations should come to the capital to give their views on certain economical questions, and the

There, that is the beginning of it!" And still the Russians do not give up their tope. They see good signs in other directions In the old record office of the Moscow Kremiis there was recently discovered the records of the regular National Assemblies which were convoked in the most trying periods of Russian history. True, these records are not ye published in full, yet the very fact that authen tic documents exist showing how representatives of the Russian people once conducted State affairs, fills the hearts of Russian patriots with the greatest joy. "Certainly," they say it is not by mere chance, but by the will or Providence, that these records are now discov ored. We need not borrow from abroad parlamentary rules and methods, since we know those of our own Zemsky Sobor."

Russians, shedding tears of joy, exclaimed

those of our own Zemsky Sobor."
In order not to be taken by surprise, many learned Russians have in good earnest set about investigating everything bearing on the Zemsky Sobor. All the old chronicles, notes documents, and histories are now carefully examined anew. Of all the sources of knowledge on the subject, the court registers and the register books are regarded as the most important. In the three volumes of letters and notes belonging to the old family of the Princes Shoremeteff, collected by A. Barsnikoff, there is found an almost complete description of a National Assembly which, after three years of interregnum, decided to call to the throne a youth of 16, who thus became the head of the Romanoff family, now reigning in Russia. youth of 16, who thus became the head of the Romanoff family, now reigning in Russia.

It is well known that in olden times in the Russian princedoms, the people used to take an immediate part in the Government. They assembled in the Vetcheh and discussed all State questions. But after the Moscow princesion defeated and annexed all the minor princedoms, it was impossible for the people to take a hand in the administration. It was a strange trick of fate that the greatest desput who ever the contract of the transfer of th trick of fate that the greatest despot who ever lived. Ivan the Terrible, was the ruler who con-voked the first National Assembly of Russian representatives. Here I quote from The Sun of May 28:

of May 28:

Ivan the Terrible was an embodiment both of the Ryzantine autocrat and the Terriar Khan. Ivan became ruler when only three year oil to the tenth year he ordered that Prince Should have the tenth year he ordered that Prince Should have the tenth year he ordered that Prince Should have the the tenth year he ordered that Prince Should have the tenth year he ordered that Prince Should have the tenth year he ordered that Prince Should have the tenth year he of the tenth of t Ivan the Terrible was an embodiment both of the

Such was the man who faced the first Russian National Assembly. No doubt the representatives trembled at the sight of this bloody despot. However, he did not then intend to use either his iron stick or his oprichnist, He humbly prayed the representatives to forgive him his great sins, and asked their counsel as to what was the best method to establish p

nim his great sins, and asked their counse insto what was the best method to establish neare and order in his Cardom. On his own part, he promised not to persecute any of the Royards, and pledged himself to see that justice was readered to the meanest of his subjects. The flist National Assembly was in 1541-50. The next year another Assembly was convened known in history as the "Zemsky Sobor of One Hundred Chapters." This Sobor drew the first-systematic Code of Laws for Russia, composed of 100 chapters.

From 1610 to 1612 there was an interregamm and Russia was in a terrible plight. Polish regiments occupied the Moscow Kremin, the Swedes captured Novgorod, and the Cossacks ruled in the south. There were half a dozen impostors. Numerous parties quarrelled and fought within the country. There was no authority in Russia. On the suggestion of Kosma Minin, a butcher of Nijny-Novgorod s proclamation was scattered all over Russia requesting that each of the towns should send two or three representatives to the Zemsky Sobor which was to decide the fell many to decide the fell which we have to design the deals of the towns should send two or three representatives to the Zemsky Sobor which was to decide the fell many the suggestion of Sobor which was to decide the fell many the suggestion of the suggestion of the suggestion of the suggestion of the towns should send two or three representatives to the Zemsky Sobor which was to decide the fell many the suggestion of the suggestion of the suggestion was suggested the fell was the suggestion of th thority in Russia. On the sing-socion of kosma Minin, a butcher of Nijny-Novacrod a proclamation was scattered all over Russia requesting that each of the towns should send two or three representatives to the Zemsky Sobor, which was to decide the following highly important points: How to defend the fatherland from her numerous foes; how to treat with foreign countries white there was no Czar; and how to manage Sinte business. The towns quickly responded. They sent not only representatives but also money, provisions, and militiamen. Boon the Poles and Swedes were driven away, the internal quarrels were settled, and the country was saved from dissolution and anarchy. The Russias representatives of 1612 showed great wisdom unfaltering patriotism, and uncommon diplomatic tact. However, they made one great an unpardonable blunder. Having elected Michael Romanoff to the throne, they surrendered to him the sovereign power of the people, and for this blunder their descendants are still suffering.

The Nobor of 1612 was a stormy one. There were about 500 deputies of whom 27 slipned the charter electing Michael Romanoff to the Moscow throm. The deputies held their meetings in the Uspensky Cathedral, the largest building in the city of Moscow at that time. They belonged to three classes—clerky, Beyards, and townfolk. For a whole month the deputies made fiery speeches, quarrelled, and voted in vain. There was one party favoring the election of the Rwedish prince, while another stood for Viadisias, the son of the Polish Ring. There were a number of great Royard samilies that worked hard in their own interest. At last they settled on a youth who was a neutral person for them. A kind of dark horse." When an ambitious Boyard derided the idea that a penniless youth could govern the Muscovite State, the deputies are of the youthful Czar and of the State. And so they did. For nine consecutive years the Sobor romained in session, directing the Czar, conducting wars, repenshing the Treature of the State, and to make war against the